

THE ADVERTISING RATES
OF
THE REPUBLICAN
ARE VERY REASONABLE AND
CIRCULATION IS VERY LARGE.
WE DO JOB WORK
OF
Every Kind.

THE HARTFORD REPUBLICAN.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE PARTY IN THE FOURTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.

VOL. VII.

HARTFORD, KY., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1894.



DON'T ACCEPT IMITATIONS.

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO. CHICAGO.

IN CHINATOWN.

English Speaking Diners in a Celestial Restaurant.

The Bill of Fare—Bread and Potatoes Are Minna Quantities—A Peep into the Kitchen—Their Methods Are Neatness Itself.

The continued invasion of the Chinese restaurants of this town by other than Chinese patrons has led the proprietor of one of these places to provide a card printed in English and headed "Bill of Fare," says the New York Sun. No attempt is made to preserve the Chinese names of the strange looking but savory dishes offered here. The list starts off with plain "pot roast chicken with mushrooms," and ends with "boiled rice," in the way of substantial, after which are named four kinds of tea and six kinds of preserves. Only the much-called "tsup suey" does not appear under an English name, which is not strange, since nowhere outside of Chinese kitchens is such a dish prepared. One may satisfy a good appetite here with wholesome food for an outlay of twenty cents, while, on the other hand, there are single dishes that cost as much as one dollar and seventy-five cents. No bread is offered and no potatoes. The other vegetables served are curious in appearance, some being imported from China, and many others from a farm cultivated by Chinese somewhere on Long Island.

Diners at these restaurants may satisfy themselves as to the character of the food before it is served. The kitchen is on the same floor with the eating-room, with connecting doors wide open, and no objection is shown—if any is felt—to the closest scrutiny of the culinary operations.

While some sightseers were making a meal of Chinese viands the other evening several fat chickens were carried up from the street, through the restaurant, into the kitchen, where they were speedily slaughtered. The method of killing them was to slit the throat with an ordinary kitchen knife, while the bird was held downward over a sink into which water was pouring. The operation required but a few seconds, and they would not have run as well as he did, but for the fact that many Democrats were loath to fight him openly, for fear of injuring McElroy, the Democratic nominee for Congress. Ten of the counties in the Third Congressional district, six of which Reeves had held court in several years, gave Guffy 1,295 majority. Guffy carried ten of the seventeen counties in the entire district. The fact is Reeves totally unfit to be Judge of Court of Appeals, and the people have elected Judge Guffy to its office.

The law of demand and supply is as inexorable in its operations in the field of labor as it is in any other. With thousands of idle men seeking employment, they will underbid each other for what employment may be had, or offer to take the situations of others at work for less wages. The inevitable result is that wages will decline all along the line. There can be no recuperation until the labor market is bare—until the army of the unemployed are again steadily at work, and the rate of wages rises to its former level.

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The unemployed are nearly all in the cities. The true remedy for the congested labor market lies in the migration of enough persons back to the country to restore the disturbed balance between demand and supply. Then naturally comes the question, "But what will they do there?"

There is but one resource, the land. They must go to making a living as tillers of the soil. We Americans do not farm properly, and hence not profitable. Small holdings, the world over, are the ones that make the money; statistics prove this. Only as much land as can be tilled to its utmost producing capacity should be obtained. And it is astonishing how small a track it takes to furnish support to a family. And only as much is needed as can be tilled without biring help. Then industry and economy are all that is needed to make a comfortable living.

Then comes the objection that the unemployed can not obtain land, and have not the wherewithal to maintain themselves until they get returns from their crops. This is true, and it is a difficulty in the way. But the exodus to the country must be made up of men who have some little means, thus leaving room and occupation for those who have nothing.

—Toledo Blade.

More About Judge Guffy.

Sunday's Louisville Commercial contained the following account of Judge Guffy's election:

The election of Judge Guffy over

NOTHING STANDS AS HIGH,

as it formerly did, as Dr. Price's Favorite Prescription. Here

is the proof. It's the only

medicine for women so cer-

tain in its effect as can be

desired. In every case, if

it doesn't benefit or cure, your

money is returned. Can any-

thing else, though it may be

"just as good" for you to buy?

Dr. Price's Favorite Prescription

is an invigorating, restorative

and strengthening, and strength-

ening nerve, and a complete

cure for all the functional de-

rangements, and chronic

ailments.

For young girls just entering womanhood; for women at the critical "change of life"; for women approaching confinement; for women who have been "run down," tired, or overworked; for

special cases, and numerous other

ailments.

If you have an incurable case of Catarrh,

the proprietors of Dr. Price's Catarrh

will pay you \$500 cash. They believe that

they can cure you.

The Hon. John W. Lewis writes:

Judge Reeves was one of the striking incidents of the late political revolution. There was no particular reason why Mr. Reeves should have been elected over Mr. Guffy, aside from the general but mistaken assumption that Kentucky was a State that belonged in effect to the late Southern Confederacy. Mr. Guffy is a good lawyer as Mr. Reeves. We do not agree in all respects with the local feelings expressed in the Green River Republican, and we think our esteemed contemporary is somewhat partisan and rather extreme in some of its comments, but as extreme things had been said on one side, it may be as well perhaps, in order that the people may be well advised, and to give them an idea of the extreme thing said on the other. Here is what the Green River Republican says:

"Some of the so-called Democratic papers, since the election, have violated all rules of decency in attacking the qualifications of Judge Guffy for the high office to which he has been elected.

"The object of these libels is twofold: One is to annoy Judge Guffy and his family and friends, the other is in hope of so prejudicing the minds of the State Board against him that it might look with favor on a fraudulent contest, as called for by one paper where Reeves is now holding court. It is believed that Reeves and a few of his henchmen have instigated those libelous articles with that end in view.

"We assume that the State Board are honest men and can not be used by Reeves to further his personal and wicked schemes.

"A strong effort was made by Reeves' henchmen to prevent Judge Guffy's nomination, and, after, it was made, the most desperate, as well as the most dishonorable efforts were made to defeat him, but he was well known in the district, and, as good luck would have it, Reeves was well known in part of the district. The result was Guffy's election. Reeves did not get as large a majority in Todd, his own county, as Cleveland got two years ago. He did not get as large majority in Logan and Simpson, where he had held court for eight years, as McElroy got this year. These facts speak in thunder tones, and he would not have run as well as he did, but for the fact that many Democrats were loath to fight him openly, for fear of injuring McElroy, the Democratic nominee for Congress. Ten of the counties in the Third Congressional district, six of which Reeves had held court in several years, gave Guffy 1,295 majority. Guffy carried ten of the seventeen counties in the entire district. The fact is Reeves totally unfit to be Judge of Court of Appeals, and the people have elected Judge Guffy to its office.

The purchasing power of those out of employment is extinguished. Those who have employment economize—from the fear of losing it, or because of lower wages; some from motives of economy. The result is, a vast curtailment of the total volume of necessities of life purchased. We witness all these conditions about us to day. There cannot be recuperation until people go to buying freely again. But they can not buy, for instance, as freely as they did in 1892, until they have the money to buy with they did then. And they can not have the money until the unemployed are again steadily at work, and the rate of wages rises to its former level.

The law of demand and supply is as

inevitable in its operations in the

field of labor as it is in any other.

With thousands of idle men seeking

employment, they will underbid each

other for what employment may be

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Hartford Republican

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING

NAM A. ANDERSON, Proprietor.

JO. R. ROGERS, Editor.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1894.

Subscribers Take Notice.

Do you owe us any subscription? If so, please send or bring it to us. We need it. We have to pay cash for everything. In fact, it takes lots of money to run a newspaper. We are now, and have been, sending some statements to our subscribers. Don't wait to receive a statement, but examine the label on your paper and see what you owe and send the amount to us without delay. Perhaps your account is small, but we have so many of these small accounts that they soon make big ones. See to it that you do not get a dun.

Remember, when you pay up for THE REPUBLICAN and one year in advance you will receive the New York Weekly Tribune or the Louisville Weekly Commercial one year free. By all means, if you owe us on subscription, pay up.

Allow the open saloon here and you ruin our school.

PEACE, quiet and good order are the requirements of a well regulated society. The open saloon is an enemy to these.

THE STATE TREASURY is developing a very healthy deficit, and the next thing will be to raise the already exorbitant tax rate.

DEPUTY U. S. MARSHAL Bullington scooped down upon some of the tigers here Tuesday and jailed a couple before you could say cat. It caused a sensation in blind tiger circles.

THIS was true yesterday: Full many a pie of shortest crust serene, the gay Thanksgiving boards of farmers bear; full many a turkey is picked plump clean and wastes his feathers on the autumn air.

THE GRAND JURY took a very decided stand against the proposed opening of saloons in Hartford. Every member of that body signed a remonstrance against it. Not only Hartford is against it, but the people of the county are against it.

AND the enjoyment occasioned by the signal Republican victory in the county, along with the rest of the earth, the excellent work of the Republican Committee and more especially that of Secretary W. A. Gibson should not be forgotten. "Gip" is a whole team within himself, and during the past campaign simply outdid himself. He's a veritable nonesuch as a campaigner.

SECRETARY HERBERT has recommended that Congress authorize the building of two more monster iron clad warships of the latest pattern to cost exclusive of arms not exceeding \$4,000,000 each. He also recommends the construction of from 100 to 300 torpedo vessels. Uncle Sam is able to own a great navy and the part of prudence is to build it. In this connection it might be suggested that the United States owns the two fastest warships in the world—the Columbia, 22.80 knots, and the Minneapolis, 23.76 knots.

THE VIOLATIONS of the prohibition law in this county have been so frequent recently and so flagrant that any assistance rendered to our officers in the suppression of this illegal traffic, is always thankfully received by our best citizens. On last Tuesday Mr. Moses Bullington, Deputy United States Marshal, under Marshal Blackburn, made a visit that has brought forth good fruits. Many colored men have been acting as the "go betweens" to the "blind tigers," and Mr. Bullington armed with warrants of arrest swooped down upon these gentrified, arresting two of them and putting many others to flight, creating such consternation among them as will deter many from the future violations of the law. One of the parties arrested made a clean breast of his connection with business and the result was five judgments. Many thanks, to you, Mr. Bullington, come and see us again, for you have earned and are now receiving the unstinted praise of all of our best citizens.

A Suggestion.

Which would be of great benefit to Hartford Commercial Club. It would advertise Hartford and Hartford's business. The Louisville Commercial says:

"A pointer to our Commercial Club may be found in the fact that every business letter which goes out from Indianapolis is enclosed in an envelope which has on its back a brief and effective summary of the business advantages of Indianapolis. When our exposition was in existence here its managers utilized the correspondence of business firms that way for advertisements, and if our Commercial Club would take the hint and get up a cut which business houses could use in preparing their envelopes, it could secure an immense amount of useful and profitable advertisement for Louisville without any cost."

Mrs. O. M. Shultz, who resigned her position in the College on account of ill health, is improving.

WELLINGTON, KAN.

An Ohio County Boy Writes an Interesting Letter From the West.

Sentie Congratulations to Ohio County Republicans.

WELLINGTON, KAN., NOV. 24, '94.

The election has come and gone and with it came a great Republican victory—a victory that rolled from ocean to ocean—a victory that crushed alike the Democracy of the South and the Populism of Kansas and Colorado. But I want to congratulate the Republicans of Kentucky, and especially those of Ohio county upon their splendid success. For it seems to me that if there are any Republicans who deserve more praise than others, for the grand victory they have achieved, it is the Republicans of Ohio county and the Fourth Congressional District. But while the Republicans of Kentucky and the whole country have covered themselves with glory, it must be remembered that Kansas has done something of which she may justly be proud, something at which the whole country may rightfully rejoice.

To Kansas belongs the honor of having struck the death blow to that hydra-headed "Monster, Woman Suffrage."

So crushing and overwhelming is the victory that even the most radical equal suffragist has not as yet sufficiently recovered his breath to ask the common phrase question, "Where are we at?" The advocates of thisressive movement made quite an aggressive campaign, using all the arguments commonly set forth in its defense, such as the impetus it would give the cause of temperance, and the purification of politics in general. But I am proud to say that the men of Kansas have a higher appreciation of the sacred rights and duties of womanhood than her neighbors, Wyoming, Colorado. I am proud to say that Kansas has paid a higher tribute to womanhood, of which she as a state may not only be proud, but it is a tribute of which every country under the shining sun, that pretends to have any respect for womanhood, ought to be proud. The men of Kansas appreciate the duties and responsibilities of womanhood too much to wish to add to them the duty and responsibility of suffrage.

They justly appreciate the fact that the duties and the responsibilities of maternity are the highest and most sacred of all duties and responsibilities, by the side of which the duty and responsibility of suffrage sinks into insignificance. To what greater duties, or to what greater responsibilities could woman aspire than those of motherhood? In what sphere does she hope to wield a greater influence than she can in that of motherhood?

These are questions that I will leave for those who favor equal suffrage to answer, for I am sure that they cannot answer them by saying give her the ballot. But again is it any credit to those who advocate equal suffrage to claim that woman is equal of man in every respect? I answer no, it is to their discredit. She is not—she never will be—her faithful representative. By so doing they arrogate the woman a favor of which she is not entitled and an admission that they as mothers have not done their duty.

Divine wit says: "It should go, and when it is old it will not depart therefrom." Now if that be true, and I dare say that there are not many who will have the hardihood to dispute it, the mother is directly responsible for the way in which her boy casts his ballot and tends his influence. For it is an undisputed fact that the mother yields a greater influence over the child than the father, if she does not form his character altogether. Therefore it goes to reason that he largely voices her sentiments in casting his ballot.

But what assurance have we that women would be any less corrupt than men? By what course of reasoning do they arrive at the conclusion that woman suffrage is a panacea for every ill and evil to which human government is heir? Are not the mothers and fathers of these same men, whom you charge with being so corrupt, also the mothers and fathers of the women to whom you propose to give the ballot? Were they not brought up by the same parents that brought up the "corrupt men?"

These things being so it is difficult to see wherein lies the justice of the claim that women are not as corrupt as the men. It is hard to see how they are morally any better than the men, brought up by the same parents and receiving the same moral training.

Lincoln once said: "All that I am, or hope to be I owe to my aged mother." This ought to be an incentive to every mother to pay more attention to the training of her boys and

girls than they do to any thing else. One mother training her children for purity and usefulness is a greater power for good than a hundred would be with the ballot. "Her children will rise up and call her blessed." And I believe that Victor Hugo spoke the truth when he said: "All the nuns in the world are not worth as much as one mother in the formation of a young girl's character."

All the erinies of man begin with the vagabondage of the child.

The two prime functions of the state are the num and schoolmaster."

In conclusion I will say, let the woman faithfully discharge the duties that devolve upon her as mother and home-maker, duties which are untransferable hers, and she will have nothing to regret by leaving men to manage the affairs of State.

AN OHIO COUNTY BOY.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder World's Fair Highest Award.

Read This.

If you want to buy town property, If you want to sell town property, If you want to buy a farm, If you want to sell a farm, If you want to buy any kind of real estate,

If you want to rent property, If you want to loan money, If you want to borrow money, If you want to go out of business, If you want to go into business,

It is all old inhabitant was telling me about the cold spell in '94, which, he says, froze the Ohio River so hard that houses were built upon the ice and families from Louisville lived there in order to keep from paying tax. This sounds rather funny, but the gentleman to be very reliable I am bound to take it for the truth.

FALLS OF ROUGH PICKING UP.

M. V. Monarch, receiver of the Owensboro Falls of Rough and Green River railroad, filed his report for September and October with the federal clerk at Louisville yesterday. The receipts for September amounted to \$3,777.40; the expenses, \$2,055.92; earnings over expenses, \$1,721.48. The receipts for October were \$4,780.37; the disbursements, \$1,590.03.

LOCATED AT OWENSBORO.

Dr. J. C. Hoover, formerly of Pleasant Ridge, Ky., will locate in this city about December 10, and will open an office over J. M. Haynes, store on East Main street. Dr. Hoover has just completed a review course in a New York medical college, and is a physician and surgeon of considerable renown.

IMPERSONATING AN OFFICER.

Lev Williams was arrested yesterday for impersonating an officer, and was released on his own recognition. It is said he and a companion were at a house of ill-fame at the same time Mr. J. C. Tucker, of Ohio county, was. Tucker was drunk and easily managed. Williams had a large detective star and either lie or his companion pinned the star on his vest, and it is said, then took Tucker aside to talk to him. The men then left him to himself, and when Tucker went back to the house he claimed to have been robbed of about \$42. When he got sober he reported the case to the police, but until yesterday the evidence did not justify an arrest.

ELLIS OWEN'S LAUGHTER.

Thursday evening will long be remembered by the employees of the post office. Chief Clerk J. E. Haynes vindicated himself that morning. He had been telling his associates what a crack shot he was but he was not implicitly believed. He went to the turkey shooting on the sand baracca across the river, and shot so well that he brought home three turkeys, and the post office employees were asked to come to his home on St. Elizabeth street that night and help eat them. They were all there and a right royal time they had of it too. Those in attendance were William H. Alexander, Benjie Pouten, Peter Hugger, Henry O. Stein, Fred Kollenburg, Clarence Mattingly, Ellis Owen, and Ed Osborne. Cal Thomas, the colored janitor, acted as head waiter. Benjie Routen recited an appropriate poem, and Ellis Owen's laughter made him conspicuous. Mr. Alexander told some steep yarns, and every body enjoyed the supper.

The Farmer's Companion.

We take pleasure in informing our readers that The Ohio Farmer is offered for the remainder of this year and all of next for only one dollar. Its circulation is now over seventy-five thousand paid annual subscribers. It goes into many foreign countries. It has enlarged to 20 pages and is one of the best most enterprising and instructive farm paper in America. It is published at Cleveland, Ohio, and is national in everything but name. It is an 80 cent weekly of 52 issues a year. Its proprietors are its editors, while the associate editors are M. E. Williams and W. I. Chamberlain, both men of national reputation as practical agricultural writers. Among its contributors are those who have gained a national reputation by the best in this country and are known wherever the best agricultural papers are taken. Its proprietors spare no expense nor labor that promises to add to its interest and value, and maintain its reputation as the best and most widely circulated dollar weekly agricultural journal in America. Specimen copy and premium list will be sent free to all applicants by address The Ohio Farmer, of Cleveland, Ohio. Agents wanted. Liberal terms.

Rheumatism is primarily caused by acidity of the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood, and thus cures the disease.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder World's Fair Highest Award.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The Chicago Inter-Ocean offers the following on "The Beautiful Light," which is very appropriate to any love sick swain:

I've traveled many a weary league, Through many a foreign land; Across the waves of mistle sea, O'er waters of burning sand; I've sought for beauty in the North, And under the Southern skies—

But there's nothing fairer in earth I know

Than the light in my dear love's eyes.

The beautiful light,

God bless the sight!

The light in my dear love's eyes.

The burdens of life press hard and fast,

The way grows dark and drear,

My purpose flies, my eyes grow dim

My heart is filled with fear—

But a light breaks through, the sky is bright,

It is light,

All clear my pathway lies,

For a love shines forth to strengthen me,

In the light of my dear love's eyes—

The beautiful light,

God bless the sight!

The light in my dear love's eyes.

THE SUBJECT OF PUNISHMENT.

In School and how it should be used was opened by C. Iglesias, who made an interesting talk on punishment and told how he had used different kinds to advantage.

H. H. Davis says that he has used artificial incentives with good success and thinks in many instances they will encourage the pupil when natural ones will fail.

The subject further discussed by J. C. Barnard and V. D. Fulkerston, who made good and instructive talks. The body then adjourned until 1:30 p.m.

The subject of Punishment in School and how it should be used was opened by C. Iglesias, who made an interesting talk on punishment and told how he had used different kinds to advantage.

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THANKS

Are cheerfully rendered by

FAIR
BROS.
& CO.

To the many patrons who have come to them during the year, and
FOR BLESSINGS PAST.

In spite of what has been a rather trying year, we have much to be thankful for, and we all unite in the

HOPE

That times will be better from this day on. Fair Bros. & Co. are willing to do all they can to help you.

FOR THE FUTURE,

As in the past, their prices will be down near the bed rock and their stock way up in quality.

FAIR BROS. & CO.,

The Dry Goods and Clothing House of Hartford.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1894.

See Carson & Co's new Furniture. For general family supplies call on Z. Wayne Griffin & Co.

We sell two spools of Thread for 5 cents. CARSON & CO.

All kinds of fresh groceries at Z. Wayne Griffin & Co.

We will pay 15 cents per dozen for Eggs. CARSON & CO.

WANTED.—50 bushels of hickory nuts. Call at REPUBLICAN Office.

For Doors and Window Sash, all kinds, call on Z. Wayne Griffin & Co.

Mrs. J. E. Rowe, Owensboro, is the guest of her father. Hon. E. D. Walker.

Miss Lena Carson visited relatives near Beaver Dam Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Larkin Griffin are visiting Mrs. Griffin's parents, near Owensboro.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Casey, Owensboro, are visiting the family of Hon. E. D. Walker.

Z. Wayne Griffin & Co. are prepared to furnish you anything in the grocery line. Call on them.

Thanksgiving services were held at the Methodist Church yesterday. Preaching by the pastor, Rev. E. E. Pat.

FOR SALE.—A good 5 year old saddle, harness and farm horse. Call on or address THE REPUBLICAN, Hart ford, Ky.

For all kinds of doors and window sash, call on Z. Wayne Griffin & Co., who are prepared to furnish anything in this line at prices to suit the times. See them and get prices.

Preaching at Goshen Saturday night before each ad. Sunday and on each ad Sunday. At Beaver Dam 1st Sunday in each month, morning and night, until further notice.

at E. E. PAT, Pastor.

Quite a little crowd of friends and neighbors gathered at the residence of Mr. George Klein last Monday, it being the celebration of the 32d year of their marriage. Every thing good to eat was on hand in abundance and a very pleasant day was spent.

Mr. William Stevens, of Kansas, is visiting friends and relatives in the county. He moved to Kansas thirty years ago where he has been very prosperous. He is a brother of Mr. J. W. Stevens, of Kinderhook neighborhood, and Mr. C. H. Stevens, of near Beaver Dam.

A well written, neatly displayed advertisement in THE HARTFORD REPUBLICAN is a finger-point on the thoroughfare of business, ever pointing the wayfarer to your place of business. Try one and be convinced. Our circulation is very large, and our rates are as low as the lowest.

For fruits of all kinds call on Z. Wayne Griffin & Co.

Watkins, the barber, is prepared to give you the very best work.

For the best of staple and fancy Groceries, call on Carson & Co.

We will pay \$1.00 per bushel for Sweet Potatoes. CARSON & CO.

G. B. Slack is Williams & Bell's authorized collector. Please pay him when he calls.

Carson & Co. carry everything in the Furniture line. See their new Parlor Chairs.

The Bon Ton Social Club will give a dance at Court Hall to-night. Everybody invited.

The little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Wedding has been quite sick for several days.

J. B. Foster the Cash Store will pay 15 cent per dozen for all the eggs brought to Hartford.

When you want anything in Livery call on Casebier & Burton. Prices to suit the times.

Mr. R. A. Anderson, who has been quite sick for several weeks, will be able to be out in a few days.

See our line of candies. It is the finest ever brought to Hartford.

Z. WAYNE GRIFFIN & CO.

Miss Caroline Barbour entertained a few friends last Friday night at the residence of Dr. Alexander.

Mr. G. C. Westerfield is patterning and otherwise fitting up the rooms over J. W. Ford & Co's lead store.

Mr. Fred Petty and Miss Lillie A. Wilson, Shreve, were married at the bride's home last Wednesday evening.

Mr. W. D. Smith and Miss Eva Davis were married at the bride's home, near Bartlett's, last Tuesday.

Mr. Luke Collins is getting along as well as could be expected and hopes in a few days to be able to be out.

If you want good Job Work, something nice, with the very lowest prices, call at THE REPUBLICAN OFFICE.

Born, to the wife of L. T. Barnard on the 27th, inst a fine boy—weight 11 pounds; Dr. S. D. Taylor attending physician.

The Oyster Supper at Masonic Hall Wednesday night was very well attended and the ladies thank the public for their patronage.

Mr. Almore Simmons and Miss Sallie Moseley, of near Buford, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony at the bride's home Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. May and Mr. G. A. Neel, of near Whitesville, visited the family of Mr. R. A. Anderson last Friday and Saturday.

Mrs. Susan Harrison and Mrs. Mary Phillips, Jeffersonville, are visiting relatives in the county. They are aunts of our fellow townsmen, Mr. Dan F. Tracy.

The wool on Mary's little lamb was quite fine, but not equal to that in Fair Bros. & Co's. Cloaks and Overcoats, and the prices of 1894 wool; well you know all about it.

Marriage license: W. D. Smith to Miss Eva Davis, Fred Petty to Miss Lillie A. Wilson, Almore Simmons to Miss Sallie Moseley, A. K. Miller to Miss Olive Chapman.

Mr. A. A. Brown and Miss Mary Ferguson, of Beaver Dam, and Mr. T. J. Morton and Miss Oma Westerfield spent last last Saturday and Sunday at Mrs. Virginia Bell's, Buford.

Mr. Newt Davis, of Evansville, is the guest of his sister, Mrs. Dr. W. Alexander.

The underwear kept by Fair Bros. & Co. will be found quite "charming" this month.

Call on Casebier & Burton for anything in Livery prompt attention given to all orders.

Mr. Jennie Moseley, Pleasant Ridge, has been the guest of her brother, Capt. S. K. Cox, this week.

Hon. T. J. Smith left Thursday morning to resume his duties as doorkeeper of the House of Representatives at Washington.

Capt. S. T. Duncan, Morganfield, and sister, Mrs. E. S. Gray, Beaver Dam, were the guests of the family of Mr. Ben D. Ringo this week.

Edith H. Teel will fill his regular appointment at the Court House next Saturday morning and evening, and at Alexander in the afternoon.

A Deputy U. S. Marshal struck Hartford Tuesday evening, and in a short while two of our colored people in jail charged with illicit sale of whisky. They were Wes Briggs and Louis Griffin.

We are better prepared than ever to do your Job Work, and guarantee you satisfaction in quality and prices. Why go elsewhere when we can do just as good work at lower prices? Give us an order and be convinced.

There was a burglar visited Hartford last Saturday night. He stopped at Dr. Alexander's and raised a racket with the Doctor's dog, which quickly brought his cook out to see what was the trouble. When she reached the back porch she was much surprised to see a large burly negro standing there. She ordered him off but he refused to go, and she went for her pistol, but before she returned he had fled. She failed to recognize him. Such intruders should be met with a volley of shot.

Mr. Miller is a brother-in-law to Mr. H. P. Neal, County Attorney-elect.

and is a worthy and popular young gentleman, while his bride possesses all the traits of character it takes to make a true woman. The REPUBLICAN together with their many friends, extends congratulations, and wishes for them a long, happy and prosperous life.

Resolutions of Condolence.
McHenry School Literary Society, colored, McHenry, Ky.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God in His wise providence to call from our midst on the 14th day of November, 1894, our worthy and esteemed citizen, Mr. George Hocker, therefore be it

RESOLVED, That while we mourn the loss of our friend we bow in humble submission to Him who is the ruler of the universe.

RESOLVED, That in the death of Mr. Hocker the school has lost a worthy patron, his family a kind husband, a loving father and the district a faithful Christian citizen.

RESOLVED, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased and a copy be spread upon the record of this society. Be it further

RESOLVED, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to THE HARTFORD REPUBLICAN and a copy be sent to the Christian Baptist and that they be requested to publish the same.

BEN McREYNOLDS, CORA BARRETT, MABEL CHINN, ARDIE TAYLOR.

A Liberal Offer.

The enterprise of the publisher of The Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass., has steadily advanced the paper year by year, keeping it always in the front rank of the best periodicals. It fills to-day as no other publication the popular demand for a practical family paper, one that is equally valued and enjoyed by old and young, and free from all objectionable features.

The best writers of all lands are engaged to write for its columns. Among the famous contributors for the volume for 1895 are two daughters at Queen Victoria; Mr. Gladstone, the most eminent living statesman, who has for the third time written an article expressly for The Companion; Sir Edwin Arnold, W. Clark Russell, Charles Dickens, Frank R. Stockton, J. T. Trowbridge, Mark Twain, Cy Warman the famous locomotive engineer, and more than a hundred writers who know the world over.

The Companion appeals to all, whether in the home, in professional or business life, to the educator and laborer in every department of work. Its sound, practical editorials deal frankly, fairly and concisely with the questions of the day. Every utterance may be accepted without reserve. Full Prospectus and specimen copies sent free on application.

New Subscribers will receive The Companion free to 1895 if they subscribe now. It comes every week finely illustrated.

A DREAMING CROW.

It Had Probably Eaten a Heavier Supper Than Usual.

The wool on Mary's little lamb was quite fine, but not equal to that in Fair Bros. & Co's. Cloaks and Overcoats, and the prices of 1894 wool; well you know all about it.

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Hartford Republican

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1894.

SHE MURDERED FOR BEAUTY

Used Her Victim's Blood for Her Complexion.

Countess Bathori Tortures and Kills 650 Maidens in Six Years—The Rapists over Kidnapping, Imprisoned and Slain With Glee.

No more remarkable criminal ever lived than the Countess Elizabeth Bathori—the countess of blood—a murderer, who almost unaided, deliberately killed 650 people in 6 years. Her diabolical crimes are described in a volume now in press in a leading publishing house in Breslau.

The Countess Elizabeth was the niece of Bathori or Bathory, king of Poland, and wife of the Hungarian Count Nadasdy. She was born in the latter half of the 16th century. The author describes her as a woman of much apparent refinement, slender in figure, delicate in appearance, educated and accomplished.

In her crimes she was aided by a man servant and two women, all of whom seem to have entered into the villainy with quite as much fervor as the mistress herself. The man was frequently employed in kidnapping young girls when it was found impossible to secure them by other means.

Upon one occasion the countess, angered by some breach of duty on the part of her maid, seized a toilet article with a sharp point and plunged it into the girl's neck. The blow severed the carotid artery. The blood spurted forth in a great volume, covering the hands of countess and bespattering her face. This maddened her and aroused a new element in her nature. She washed her hands in the blood, and, as the girl lay prostrate on the floor, the countess lifted her feet to a chair so that the blood would more rapidly flow towards her neck.

She caught the flow in a vessel. The girl bled to death, and the countess discovered that the awful bath had made her own skin much whiter and softer than it had been before.

This was the beginning of her series of murders and tortures. The count became a party to the infamy. The diversion of the couple did not stop at murder, but included torture of the most ingenious and horrible description.

The chateau had many dangerous and passages well adapted to this cruel work. Here one night during the Christmas holidays the countess spread a royal supper and invited to it 25 young damsels from the adjacent district. The girls naturally felt honored by the attention thus shown them. The supper was sumptuous, and the tables were loaded down with rich plates. The banquet took place in a special hall underground, the better to give the guests a novel experience, as the countess blandly explained.

At the conclusion of the repast the maidens were invited one by one to inspect subterranean passages, and as they went down the corridors with their guides they were shown into different cells and the doors closed upon them. Then the work of slaughter began. The countess, with her party, visited the various rooms. The three servants fell upon the girls and disrobed them, while the count and countess sat looking on.

When they were thus prepared, the countess, causing the wretched maidens to be held down that they might not struggle, drew from her pocket a sharp knife and deftly cut the most sensitive nerves in the girl, then cut off bits of flesh, pierced the eyes and ended the suffering by cutting the jugular vein or plunging the knife into the heart. In each case the blood was preserved with great care.

In this manner, varying the mode of torture to suit her increasing savagery, the countess went from one cell to another until she had with her hands killed the entire number of her guests.

One of the girls was spared until the next day, when early in the morning she was snared over her entire body with honey and tied to a post in the midst of a swarm of wasps and there she was left for 24 hours, being in that time stung to death. The count and his wife meanwhile sat at a window near by and watched the suffering of their victim. After it was over the body was drained of its blood.

The blood gathered from these girls was at once used by the countess to bathe her neck and face. Vanity had much to do with these terrible crimes, for it was in the beautifying of her complexion that the countess first found an excuse for her actions. The love of torture grew on her with the increase of her crimes and the familiarity she acquired with suffering.

The countess caused one of her girls to be stoned, nude, in a hogback of icewater and kept there for four hours after which she was clothed in a single muslin garment soaked in ice water and then tied to the top of a tall tower, while a furious snow-storm raged, and was kept there all night. In the morning the maiden was dead.

Her washerwoman she strapped to the wall and burned out her eyes, nose and tongue with a red-hot iron. She kept the poor woman alive for several days, burning her afresh every hour and torturing her in many horrid ways.

The supply of victims failing, she directed the man, Pierko, to go out to the distant country and kidnap,

induce or otherwise get victims to visit the chateau. Then the favorite plan of the countess was to have a mock ceremony of marriage performed, the man Pierko acting as bridegroom and the receiving and assurance that in marrying they would acquire their freedom the following day, whereas by refusing they would be committing suicide, inasmuch as they would in that event be killed.

A girl would be conducted to a dungeon fitted up like a royal boudoir. During the night the bride would be awakened by the countess, who would plunge a knife into her heart as soon as she opened her eyes. A method that the countess found greatly to her liking was to have the victim suspended by ropes from the ceiling, and gently open a vein in her body and watch her slowly bleed to death.

The stories told of these murders created scandal. George Thurzo, governor of the province and cousin of the countess, warned his relative to cease her terrible crimes. But still murders continued, and finally even the governor made up his mind that they should be stopped by force.

Learning that his cousin had arranged for usual Christmas wholesale killing, he took some officers and went to the chateau. He found in the cellars of the building 20 young women tied to the walls without clothes and horribly maltreated. These girls were to be killed that same night, and elaborate preparations had been made for slaughter.

The girls told the governor that they had been there for a month and that there had been many more, but that every day one was selected to be killed, and when the selection had been made the victim met her fate then and there in the presence of the others. Each day the countess would torture them, and she showed wonderful ingenuity in her means of doing so. One girl had a bosom cut off by the countess, another had lost her ears, another her nose, and all had been mutilated with a devilish ferocity. One was hanging from the wall by her arm, which had been pierced by a great spike, and a large basin was placed on the ground in order that the blood might not be lost.

Elizabeth Bathori was arrested, but owing to the fact that she was a member of the reigning house she was not condemned to death. She was imprisoned for the rest of her life in the fortress of Esz, and her death took place there on Aug. 21, 1641, after she had been locked up 31 years. She was 54 years old at her death and died from starvation. Altogether, she had killed over 650 girls. [Pennsylvania Grit.]

It is strange that some people will suffer for years from rheumatism rather than try such an approved standard remedy as Ayer's Sarsaparilla; and that, too, in spite of the assurance that has cured so many others who were similarly afflicted. Give it a trial.

Dan Boone's Gun.

A relic of historic value has just been brought to Charleston, W. Va.

It is the gun of Daniel Boone Van Bibber back in the wilds of Nicholas county. The stock and barrel are five feet four inches long, it carries an ounce ball, has the original old-fashioned flint lock, and is still a good shooter.

The gun was given by Boone to his friend, Mathias Tice Van Bibber. Tice Van Bibber carried it and did good execution at the battle of Point Pleasant in 1774. He carried it on hunting and trapping trips as far west as Osage river and throughout the war of 1812. The original powder horn and bullet mold are with the gun, also a very old shot pouch, a pocket compass with a sun dial attachment, and a steel spear-pointed needle for fixing bullet holes to dry; also a tally stick and part of his commission as a captain in the war of 1812, and an old, well-known hatcher knife which belonged to Isaac Van Bibber, who was killed at Point Pleasant.

When he found nine Indian scalps, raised by this knife, were in the pouch. Tice used the knife as long as he lived. At his death Mathias Van Bibber, the first white child born in Nicholas county, and at his death, a few years ago, they were left to his son, Nathan Boone Van Bibber, the present owner.

When David C. R. Van Bibber was 4 years old his mother gave him a set of metal buttons for his first pair of breeches. He wore no other buttons for eightysix years, and they have been placed with the gun and other trophies of Daniel Boone.

For sick headache, caused by a disordered stomach, Ayer's Cathartic Pills are the most reliable remedy.

"My mother first recommended these Pills to me, thirty years ago. They are the mildest and best purgative in use"—S. C. Bradburn, Worthington, Mass.

You can by paying

your subscription, and

one year in advance,

get the Louisville Commercial, or

New York Tribune

one year. If you are

not a subscriber, sub-

scribe at once.

If the hair is falling out, or turn-

ing gray, requiring a stimulant with

nourishing and coloring food, Hall's

Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer is

just the specific.

HE WAS A STRANGER

As he Took Them in—An Experience in a Mining Camp.

It was Christmas Eve in a California mining town in 1853, and Goskin, according to his custom, had decorated his gambling house with sprigs of mountain cedar, and a shrub whose crimson berries did not seem a bad imitation of English holly. The piano was covered with evergreen, and all that was wanting to complete the cup of Goskin's contentment was a man to play that piano.

"Christmas night and no piano-pouder," he said. "This is a nice country for a Christian to live in."

Getting a piece of paper he scrawled the words: "100 Dollars Reward to a competent Piano Player." This he stuck on the music rack, and though the inscription glared at the frequenters of the room until midnight, it failed to draw any musician from the shell. So the merry went on; the hilarity grew apace. Men danced and sang to the music of the squeaky fiddler and worn-out guitar, as the jolly crowd within tried to drown the howling of the storm without. Suddenly they became aware of the presence of a white-haired man crouching near the fire place. His garments, such as were left, were wet with melting snow, and he had a half-starved, half-crazed expression. He held his thin, trembling hands towards the fire, and the light of the blazing wood made them almost transparent.

He looked about him once and awhile, as if in search of something, and his presence cast such a chill over the place that gradually the sound of revelry was hushed, and it seemed that this waif of the storm had been made the victim met her fate then and there in the presence of the others. Each day the countess would torture them, and she showed wonderful ingenuity in her means of doing so. One girl had a bosom cut off by the countess, another had lost her ears, another her nose, and all had been mutilated with a devilish ferocity.

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How's This!

The man drained the cup, smacked his lips and seemed more at home.

"Been prospecting, eh? Out in the mountains—caught in the storm? Lively night, this."

"Pretty bad," said the man.

"Must feel pretty dry?"

The man looked at his streaming clothes and laughed, as if Goskin's remark was a sarcasm.

"How long out?"

"Four days."

"Hungry?"

The man rose up and, walking over to the lunch counter, left to work upon roast bear, devouring it like any wild animal would have done. As meat and drink and warmth began to peiminate the stranger, he seemed to expand and brighten up. His features lost their pallor, and he grew more and more content with the idea that he was not in the grave. As he underwent these changes the people about him got merrier and happier, and threw off the temporary feeling of depression which he had laid upon them.

Presently his eyes fell upon the piano.

"Where is the player?" he asked.

"Never had any," said Goskin, blushing at the confession.

"I used to play when I was young," Goskin almost fainted at the admission.

"Stranger, do tackle it, and give us a tune. Nary a man in this camp ev-

er had the nerve to wrestle with that music-box."

His pulse beat faster, for he feared that the man would re-

use.

"I'll do the best I can," he said.

There was no stool, but, seizing a candle-hoax, he drew it up, and seated himself before the instrument.

It only required a few seconds for a bush to come over the room.

"The old coon is a going to give the thing a rattle."

The sight of a man at the piano was something so unusual that even the faro-dealer, who was about to take a \$50 bet on the tray, paused and did not reach for the money. Men stopped drinking with the glasses at their lips. Conversation appeared to have been struck with a sort of paralysis, and cards were no longer shuffled.

The old man brushed back his long white locks, looked up to the ceiling, half closed his eyes, and in a mystic sort of reverie passed his fingers over the keys. He touched but a single note, yet the sound thrilled the room. It was the key to his improvisations and as he wove his chords together the music laid its spells upon every ear and heart. He felt his way along the keys like a man treading uncertain paths; but he gained confidence as he progressed, and presently bent to his work like a master. The instrument was not in exact tune, but the ears of his audience, through long disuse, did not detect anything radically wrong. They heard a succession of grand chords, a suggestion of Paradise melodies here and there, and it was enough.

"See him counter with his left?" said an old tough, enraptured.

"He calls the turn every time on the upper end of the board," responded a man with a stack of chips in his hand.

The player wandered off into the old ballards he had heard at home. All the sad and melancholy and touching songs, that came up like dreams of childhood, this unknown player drew from the keys. His hands kneaded their hearts like dough, and squeezed out the tears as from a wet sponge. As the strains flowed one upon the other, they saw their homes of the long ago roared again; they

were playing once more where the apple blossoms sank through the soft air to join the violets on the tuft of the old New England states; they saw the glories of the Wisconsin mamps and the haze of the Indian summer blending their hues together; they saw the heather of the Scottish hills, the white cliffs of Britain, and heard the sultry roar of the sea as it beat upon their memories vaguely.

Then came all the old Christmas carols, such as they had sung in the church thirty years before; the subtle music that brings up the glimmer of wax taper, the solemn shrines, the evergreen holly, mistleto, and spruce choir. Then the remorseless performer planted his stab in every heart with "Home Sweet Home."

When the player ceased, the crowd slunk away from him. There was no more revelry left in his audience. Each man wanted to sneak off to his cabin and write the old folks a letter. The day was breaking as the last man left the place, and the player, laying down on piano fell asleep.

"I say pard," said Goskin, "don't you want a little rest?"

"I feel tired," the old man said.

"Perhaps I'll let me rest here for the matter of a day or so."

He walked behind the bar, where some old blankets were lying, and stretched himself upon them.

"I feel pretty sick. I guess I won't last long. I've got a brother down the ravine—his name's Driscoll. He don't know I'm here. Can you get him here before morning? I'd like to see his face once more before I die."

Goskin started up at the mention of the name. "He your brother? I'll have him here in half an hour."

As Goskin dashed out in the storm the musician pressed his hand to his side and groaned. Goskin heard the word "hurry" and sped down the ravine to Driscoll's cabin.

It was quite light in the room when the two men returned. Driscoll was pale as death.

"My God! I hope he's alive! I wronged him when we lived in England, twenty years ago."

They say the old man had drawn the blanket over his face. The two stood a moment awed by the thought that he might be dead. Goskin lifted the blanket and pulled it down as astonished. There was no one there.

"Gone! 'e id Driscoll, willy."

"Gone!" echoed Goskin, pulling out his cash drawer. "Ten thousand dollars in the sack, and the Lord knows how much loose change in the drawer!"

The next day the boy got out, followed a horse's track through the snow and lost them in the trail leading towards Pocahontas.

There was a man missing from the camp. It was the three-card monte man, who used to deny point-blank that he couldn't play the game. One day he found a wig of white hair, and called to mind when the "stranger" had pushed those locks back when he looked towards the ceiling for inspiration, on that night of December 24, 1858. [Toledo Blade.]

How's This!

We offer one hundred dollars re-

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